

The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Domestic Arts, and the Interests of the Day.

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The Bethel Courier.

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H. T. TRUE, Editor.

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March 25. 15th.

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History of Bethel.

CHAPTER XL.

Capt. Eli Twitchell was the son of

Capt. Joseph Twitchell. He was

born in Shelburne Mass., Feb. 17,

1789. He married with others to

the vicinity of Bunker Hill imme-

diately after the battle, and by carry-

ing a very heavy gun on his shoulder

he contracted a disease of the bone of

the arm, a portion of which was re-

moved. This unfitted him for severe

bodily labor. He came to Bethel

probably in 1782 and commenced

operations on the farm now owned by

his grandson Curatio Bartlett. He

came on foot to Bethel in the winter,

and was so chilled and exhausted that

he was compelled to walk on his

hands and knees for the last two miles

before he reached his brother Moses's

house. He built a comfortable farm

house on the borders of the interval

below Mr. Bartlett's house. He kept

hatchelor's fare for some time, though

it is said that the young ladies of the

day were fond of visiting him every

week and cooking up a week's supply

of food for him, and receiving in re-

turn some of the West India goods,

which he kept for sale. He was the

first person in town who brought such

things into town for sale. He married

Miss Rhoda Leland of Sherburne,

who died in 1794. His second wife

was Lucy Segar who died in 1844.

In consequence of his lameness he di-

rected his attention to mechanical pur-

suits in which he was very ingenious.

He made brass clocks, and guns and

repaired watches and jewelry. The

Indians brought their jewelry to him

from Canada to be repaired. During

the great frost in 1785 he stepped

from his door in a boat and went over

to the spot where Ayer's Mason's

now stands. At the organization of

the town he was chosen Captain of

the Militia. He built a large house on

the spot where Mr. Bartlett's house

now stands which was burnt about

eleven years since. He had 4 chil-

dren, by his first wife, Julia, Curatio

and Lucia; by his second wife, Delen-

da.

Capt. Twitchell died Nov. 1845.

He was a man of public spirit, and

was much of the time in town office, as

Collector, Treasurer, Clerk and Select-

man. He also was a land surveyor, and

Justice of the Peace.

Dea. Ezra Twitchell came to Beth-

el about the same time with his broth-

er Eli, and settled on the farm now oc-

cupied by his grandson, Alphon

Twitchell. He was born in Sherburne,

Mass., June 23, 1748, and married

Miss Susanna Rice, of Framingham. He first resided in Dublin, N. H., and afterwards removed to Bethel. He was chosen deacon of the Congregational Church in Bethel which office he worthily filled till his death. He had ten children, Susanna, Hannah, Anna, Calvin, Susanna, Calvin, Ezra, Eli, Theodora, and Nathan. The four eldest children died the same day of throat distemper leaving him at the time childless. This occurred in Dublin. So stupefied were the parents at the terrible stroke, that they could not shed a tear at the time.

The little settlement was thrown

into quite a state of excitement in the

year 1790 by the death of one of its

citizens. Mr. James Mills, removed

from Dublin, N. H., to Bethel in

1785, and commenced a farm on Gro-

ver Hill. While engaged in felling

trees for his brother-in-law he

was struck by a tree and killed.

They had been engaged in felling a

tree which they finished just before

dinner. While his brother-in-law,

Walter Mason, went to the camp to

prepare the dinner, Mr. Mills went

into the jam to fall a tree that remain-

ed. As the tree fell it struck into a

stump some ten feet high which threw

the butt up and struck him, killing

him instantly. He had married

Hannah, daughter of Moses Mason,

of Dublin, afterwards of Bethel,

from whom he had five children.

Some years after his death she mar-

ried Mr. Elijah Grover of Bethel.

Fitness of Purpose.

When a child is learning to walk,

if you can induce the little creature

to keep its eye fixed on any point in

advance, it will generally "navigate" to

that point without capering; but dis-

tract its attention by word or act from

the object before it, and down goes

the baby. The rule applies to child-

ren of larger growth. The man who

starts in life with a determination to

reach a certain position, and adheres

unswervingly to his purpose, rejecting

the advice of the over-cautions, and

defying the auguries of the timid,

rarely fails, if he live long enough, to

reach the goal for which he set out.

If circumstances oppose him, he bends

them to his exigencies by the force of

energetic indomitable will. On the

other hand he who vacillates in his

course, "yawning," as the sailors say,

toward all points of the compass, is

pretty sure to become a helpless cast-

away before his voyage of life is half

completed.

There can be no question among

philosophic observers of men and

events, that fixedness of purpose is a

grand element of human success.

Weathercock men are nature's failures

they are good for nothing. Better

downright pig-headed obstinacy than

eternal vacillation; better wilful blind-

ness to danger, however menacing,

than the hesitating which is deter-

Poetry.

From Mrs. Partridge's "Waiting Work."

A PICTURE.

BY E. P. McILLICHAIR.

There's a little low hut by the river's side,

Within the sound of its rippling tide;

Its walls are gray with the mists of years,

And its roof all crumbly and old appears;

But fairer to me than a castle's pride

Is the little low hut by the river's side.

The little low hut was my natal nest.

Where my childhood passed—life's spring-

time blessed:

Where the hopes of ardent youth were

formed,

And the sun of promise my young heart

warmed,

For I threw myself on life's swift tide,

And left the dear hut by the river's side.

That little old hut in lowly guise,

Was lovelier and grander to my youthful eyes,

And fairer to me than the castle's door,

Than my father loved for their thrifty pride,

Which shadowed the hut by the river's

side.

That little low hut had a glad hearth-stone

That echoed of old with a pleasant tone.

And brothers and sisters, a merry crew,

Filled the hours with pleasure as on they

flew.

But one by one have the loved ones died

That dwell in the hut by the river's side.

The father revered and the children gay,

The grave and the world have called away.

But quietly all alone there sits

By the pleasant window, in summer, and

autumn,

An aged woman, long years allied

With the little low hut by the river's side.

That little old hut to the lonely wife

Is the cherished stage of her active life.

Each scene is recalled in memory's

train, and she sits by the window in passive

dream,

And joys and woes roll back like a tide,

In that little old hut by the river's side.

My mother—alone by the river's side,

She waits for the flood of the heavenly

tide,

And the voice that shall thrill her heart

with its call,

To meet once more with the dear ones all,

And form a region beautified

The hand that once met by the river's

side.

That dear old hut by the river's side

With the warm pulse of my heart is al-

lived,

And a glory is over its dark walls thrown

That standard fabrics have never known:

And I still shall love, with a fond pride,

That little old hut by the river's side.

Selected Tales.

Matrimonial Philosophies.

BY E. P. HANES.

When Mr. Smuggins married, he

had fondly hoped to insure domestic

"Well we'll see about that," started Mr. Smuggins stamping round, and making his coat fly about.

"Well, my dear you had perhaps

best go and see about it; Sukey's in

the kitchen. And then she dropped

a stitch.

"You'd aggravate a saint, Madam,"

exclaimed Mr. Smuggins.

"Do Saints upset chairs in that way

was the meek inquiry.

"Mrs. Smuggins said the male pro-

prietor of that euphonious name con-

fronting his sleeping partner.

"Well."

"Will you go and make me a pud-

ding or not?"

"No."

"You won't?"

"Don't bother me I've told you

once."

"I fancy Mrs. Smuggins that you

entered into a compact to obey me,"

said her shamefully deceived lord

beating the devil's tattoo on his best

carpet.

"I won't be ordered was the reply."

completed, at an aggregate outlay of nearly \$13,000,000. There are yet one hundred and fourteen miles to build in order to complete the road to Kansas city. This is to cost \$7,000,000 more.

at the "Gala" - Being
the Minister alone, to see

P. H. McCLOSKEY,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
SWIFT'S BLOCK,
BETHEL HILL, Me.
Job Printing at this Office